Glory Bound

James Keelaghan

Johnny Mack lived near Maple Creek
He was long and lean and tough
A level head and a steady hand
And a wizard with the puck
And once across the blue line oh
He'd never let you down
You could tell by the look in his coal black eyes
That boy was glory bound
He could bring the home town to its feet
With a goal in overtime
The scouts had pegged him sure enough
It was just a matter of time
If there was any justice in this world
He'd be picked in the second round
Cause he had the goods there was no denying
That boy was glory bound
One afternoon before a game
I stopped by Johnny's place
With my father's car and a feeling in my heart
That night we'd take first place
But there was something that he'd left behind
He'd fetch it back in town
I never dreamt it at the time
That fate would strike him down
Oh, we phoned the Mounties when he didn't show
They found him in a ditch between here and Shaunavon
Roof caved in and it's fifty below
Sirens wail, blizzard blows
Johnny died young but I grew old
And since that time I've come to think
When I see his name engraved on trophies
Or his picture in a case in the Kinsmen's rink
He somehow slipped the bonds of time
He's gained himself renown
And I've started on that slow slide back
But he's forever glory bound
And I've started on that slow slide back
But he's forever glory bound

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